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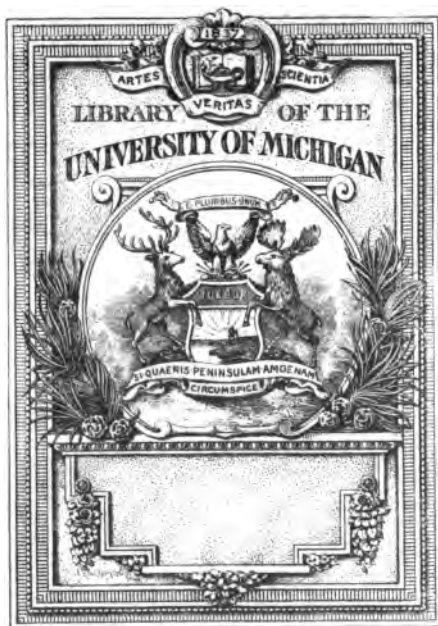
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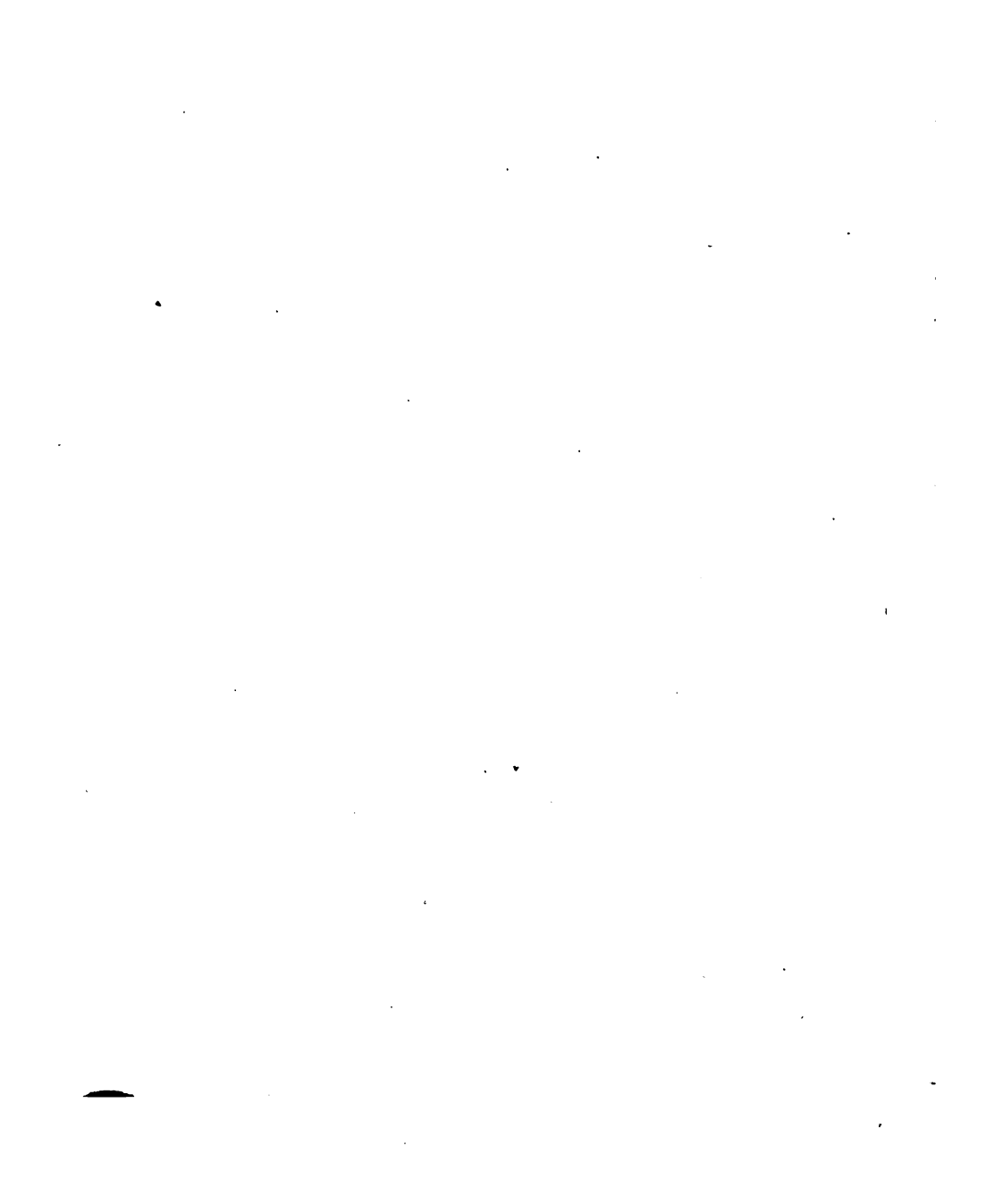
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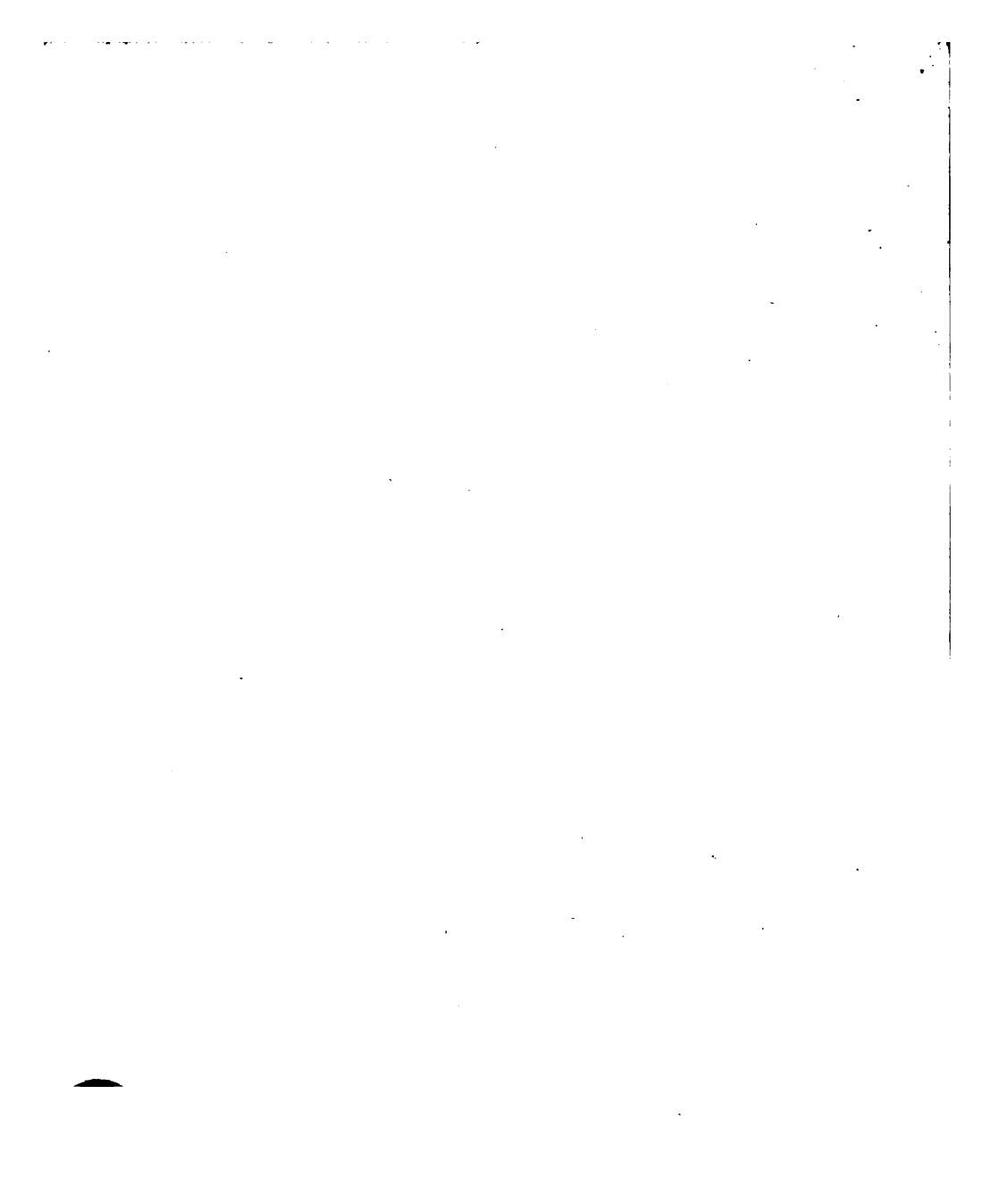
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*More
Misrepresentative Men*



2021



MORE MISREPRESENTATIVE MEN

By HARRY GRAHAM

Author of

"Rutbless Rbymes for Heartless Homes,"
"Misrepresentative Men," "Ballads of the
Boer War," "Verse and Worse," etc., etc.

PICTURES BY
MALCOLM STRAUSS



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Q. E. J.

To
E. B.

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Author's Foreword

(To the Publisher)

WHEN honest men are all in bed,
We poets at our desks are
toiling,
To earn a modicum of bread,
And keep the pot a-boiling ;
We weld together, bit by bit,
The fabric of our laboured wit.

AUTHOR'S FOREWORD

We see with eyes of frank dismay

 The coming of this Autumn season,
When bards are driven to display

 Their feast of rhyme and reason;
With hectic brain and loosened collar,
We chase the too-elusive dollar.

While Publishers, in search of grist,

 Despise our masterly inaction,
And shake their faces in our fist,

 Demanding satisfaction,
We view with vague or vacant mind
The grim agreements we have signed.

AUTHOR'S FOREWORD

For though a willing public gives
 Its timely share of cash assistance,
The author (like the dentist) lives
 A hand-to-mouth existence ;
And Publishers, those modern Circes,
Make pig's-ear purses of his verses.

Behold ! How ill, how thin and pale,
 The features of the furtive jester !
Compelled by contracts to curtail
 His moments of siesta !
A true White Knight is he to-day
(*Nuit Blanche*, as Stevenson would say).

AUTHOR'S FOREWORD

Ah, surely he has laboured well,
Constructing this immortal sequel,—
A work which no one could excel,
And very few can equal,—
A volume which, I dare to say,
Is epoch-making, in its way.

When other poets' work is not,
These verses shall retain their label ;
When Herford is a thing forgot,
And Ade an ancient fable ;
When Goops no longer give a sign
Of Burgess's empurpled kine.

AUTHOR'S FOREWORD

My Publishers, I love you so !

 Your well-secreted virtues viewing;
Who never let your right hand know
 Whom your left hand is doing;
Who hold me firmly in your grip,
And crack your cheque-book, like a whip !

My Publishers, make no mistake,

 You have in me an *avis rara*,
So write a princely cheque, and make
 It payable to bearer ;
I love you, as I said before,
But oh ! I love your money more !

Publisher's Preface

(To the Author)

VORACIOUS Author, gorged with
gold,
Your grasping greed shall not
avail !

In vain you venture to unfold

Your false prehensile tale !

I view in scorn (unmixed with awe)

The width of your capacious maw.

PUBLISHER'S PREFACE

On me the onus has to fall
Of your malevolent effusions ;
'Tis I who bear the brunt of all
Your libellous allusions ;
To bolster up your turgid verse,
I jeopardise my very purse !

You do not hesitate to fleece
The Publisher you scorn to thank,
And when you manage to decrease
His balance at the bank,
Your face is lighted up with greed,
And you are lantern-jawed indeed !

PUBLISHER'S PREFACE

Yet will I still heap coals of fire,
 Until your coiffure is imbedded,
And you at last, perchance, shall tire
 Of growing so hot-headed,
And realise that being funny
Is not a mere affair of money.

And so, in honour of your pow'rs,
 A fragrant bouquet will I pick,
Of rare exotics, blossoms, flow'rs
 Of speech and rhetoric ;
I'll add a thistle, if I may,
And, round the whole, a wreath of bay.


PUBLISHER'S PREFACE

The blossoms for your button-hole,
To mark your affluent condition,
Exotics to inspire your soul
To further composition.
Come, set the bays upon your brow !

* * * *

Well, eat the thistle, anyhow !

Robert Burns

 HE jingling rhymes of Dr. Watts
Excite the reader's just impa-
tience,

He wearies of Sir Walter Scott's
Melodious verbal collocations,
And with advancing years he learns
To love the simpler style of Burns.



100 100

WFOU

ROBERT BURNS

Too much the careworn critic knows
Of that obscure robustious diction,
Which like a form of fungus grows
Amid the Kailyard school of fiction ;
In Crockett's cryptic caves one sighs
For Burns's clear and spacious skies.

Tho' no aspersions need be cast
On Barrie's wealth of wit fantastic,
Creator of that unsurpass'd
If most minute ecclesiastic ;
Yet even here the eye discerns
No master-hand like that of Burns.

ROBERT BURNS

The works of Campbell and the rest
Exhale a sanctimonious odour,
Their vintage is but Schnapps, at best,
Their Scotch is simply Scotch-and-sodour!
They cannot hope, like Burns, to win
That “touch which makes the whole world
kin.”

Tho' some may sing of Neil Munro,
And virtues in Maclaren see,
Or want but little here below,
And want that little Lang, maybe;
Each renegade at length returns,
To praise the peerless pow'rs of Burns.

ROBERT BURNS

His verse, as all the world declares,
And Tennyson himself confesses,
The radiance of the dewdrop shares,
The berry's perfect shape possesses ;
And even William Wordsworth praises
The magic of his faultless phrases.

But he, whose books bedeck our shelves,
Whose lofty genius we adore so,
Was only human, like ourselves,—
Perhaps, indeed, a trifle more so !
And joined a thirst that nought could quench
To morals which were frankly French.

ROBERT BURNS

And ev'ry night he made his way,
With boon companions, bent on frolic,
To inns of ill-repute, where lay
Refreshments—chiefly alcoholic!
(But I decline to raise your gorges,
Describing these nocturnal orgies.)

Of love-affairs he knew no end,
So long and ardently he flirted,
And e'en the least suspicious friend
Would feel a trifle disconcerted,
When Burns was sitting with his "*sposa*,"
"As thick as thieves on Vallombrosa!"

ROBERT BURNS

A Cockney Chiel who found him thus,
And showed some conjugal alarm,
When Burns implored him not to fuss,
Enquiring calmly, “Where’s the harm?”
Replied at once, with perfect taste,
“The *harm* is round my consort’s waist!”

“A poor thing but my own,” said he,
His fair but fickle bride denoting,
And she, with scathing repartee,
Assented, wilfully misquoting,
(Tho’ carefully brought up, like Jonah),
“A poorer thing—and yet my owner!”

ROBERT BURNS

The most bucolic hearts were burnt
By Burns' amatory glances ;
The most suburban spinsters learnt
To welcome his abrupt advances ;
When Burns was on his knee, 'twas said,
They wished that *they* were there instead !

They loved him from the first, in spite
Of angry parents' interference ;
They deemed his courtship so polite,
So captivating his appearance ;
So great his charm, so apt his wit,
In local parlance, Burns was IT !

ROBERT BURNS

The rustic maids from far and wide,
 Encouraged his unwise flirtations ;
For love of Burns they moped and sighed,
 And, while their nearest male relations
Were up in arms, the sad thing is
That they themselves were up in his !

His crest a mug, with open lid,
 The kind in vogue with ancient Druids,—
Inscribed “ Amari Aliquid,”
 (Which means “ I’m very fond of
 fluids ! ”),
On either side, as meet supporters,
The village blacksmith’s lovely daughters.

ROBERT BURNS

“Men were deceivers ever !” True,
As Shakespeare says (Hey Nonny !
Nonny !),
But one should always keep in view
That “*tout comprendr’ c’est tout par-*
donny”;
In judging poets it suffices
To scan their verses, not their vices.

.

The poets of the present time
Attempt their feeble imitations ;
Are economical of rhyme,
And lavish with reiterations ;

ROBERT BURNS

The while a patient public swallows
A “Border Ballad” much as follows:—

*Jamie lad, I lo’e ye weel,
Jamie lad, I lo’e nae ither,
Jamie lad, I lo’e ye weel,
Like a mithier.*

*Jamie’s ganging doon the burn,
Jamie’s ganging doon, whateffer,
Jamie’s ganging doon the burn,
To Strathpeffer!*

*Jamie’s comin’ hame to dee,
Jamie’s comin’ hame, I’m thinkin’,*

ROBERT BURNS

*Jamie's comin' hame to dee,
Dee o' drinkin' !*

*Hech! Jamie! Losh! Jamie!
Dinna greet sae sair!
Gin ye canna, winna, shanna
See yer lassie mair!
Wha' hoo!
Wha' hae!
Strathpeffer!*

I give you now, as antidote,
Some lines which I myself indited.

ROBERT BURNS

Carnegie, when he read them, wrote

To say that he was quite delighted;
Their pathos cut him to the quick,
Their humour almost made him sick.

*The queys are moopin' i' the mirk,
An' gin ye thole ahin' the kirk,
I'll gar ye tocher hame fra' work,
Sae straught an' primsie ;
In vain the lavrock leaves the snaw,
The sonsie cowslips blithely blaw,
The elbucks wheep adoon the shaw,
Or warl a whimsy.*

ROBERT BURNS

*The cootie muircocks crouselly craw,
The maukins tak' their fud fu' braw,
I gie their wames a random paw,
For a' they're skilpy ;
For wha' sae glaikit, gleg an' din,
To but the ben, or loup the linn,
Or scraw aboon the tirlin'-pin
Sae frae an' gilpie ?*

*Och, snood the sporran roun' ma lap,
The cairngorm clap in ilka cap,
Och, hand me o'er
Ma lang claymore,*

ROBERT BURNS

Twa bannocks an' a bap,

Wha hoo!

Twa bannocks an' a bap!

.

O fellow Scotsman, near and far,

Renowned for health and good digestion,

For all that makes you what you are,—

(But are you really? That's the question)—

Be grateful, while the world endures,

That Burns was countryman of yours.

And hand-in-hand, in alien land,

Foregather with your fellow cronies,

ROBERT BURNS

To masticate the haggis (cann'd)
At Scottish Conversaziones,
Where, flushed with wine and Auld Lang
Syne,
You worship at your country's shrine!

William Waldorf Astor



OW blest a thing it is to die

For Country's sake, as bards
have sung!

How sweet "pro patria mori,"

(To quote the vulgar Latin tongue);

And yet to him the palm we give

Who for his fatherland can *live*.

WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR

Historians have explained to us,

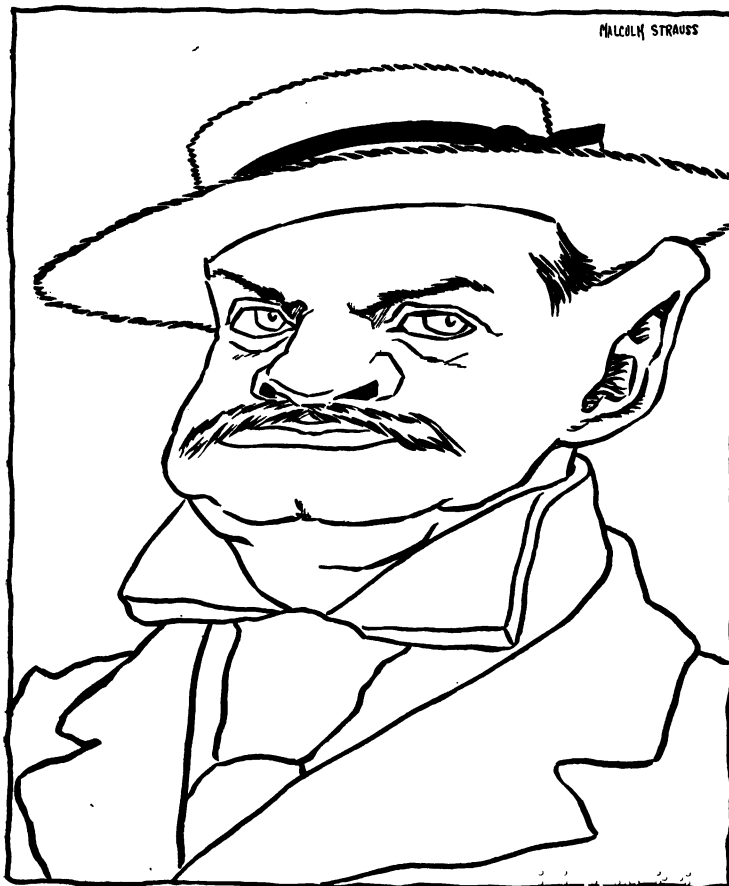
 In terms that never can grow cold,
How well the bold Horatius

 Played bridge in the brave days of old ;
And we can read of hosts of others,
From Spartan boys to Roman mothers.

But nowhere has the student got,

 From poet, pedagogue, or pastor,
The picture of a patriot

 So truly typical as Astor ;
And none has ever shown a greater
Affection for his Alma Mater.



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The diagrams illustrate the arrangement of particles in three states of matter:

- Solid:** Particles are closely packed in a regular, repeating pattern.
- Liquid:** Particles are closely packed but arranged in a disordered, irregular pattern.
- Gas:** Particles are widely spaced and arranged in a disordered, irregular pattern.

WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR

With loyalty to Fatherland

His heart inflexible as starch is,
Whene'er he hears upon a band
The too prolific Sousa's marches ;
And from his eyes a tear he wipes,
Each time he sees the Stars and Stripes.

Tho' others roam across the foam

To European health resorts,
The fact that " there's no place like home "
Is foremost in our hero's thoughts ;
And all in vain have people tried
To lure him from his " ain fireside."

WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR

Let tourists travel near or far,

By wayward breezes widely blown,

He stops at the Astoria,

“A poor thing” (Shakespeare), “but his
own;”

And nothing that his friends may do

Can drag him from Fifth Avenue.

The Western heiress is content

To scale, as a prospective bride,

The bare six-story tenement

Where foreign pauper peers reside;

But men like Astor all disparage

The so-called Morgan-attic marriage.

WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR

The rich Chicago millionaire

May buy a mansion in Belgravia,
Have footmen there with powdered hair
And frigidly correct behaviour ;
But marble stairs and plate of gold
Leave Astor absolutely cold.

The lofty ducal residence,

That fronts some Surrey riverside,
Would wound his socialistic sense,
And pain his patriotic pride ;
He would not change for Castles Highland
His cabbage-patch on Coney Island.

WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR

A statue in some Roman street,
A palace of Venetian gilding,
Appear to him not half so sweet
As any modern Vanderbuilding ;
He views, without an envious throe,
The wolf that suckled Romeo !

Roast beef, or frogs, or sauerkraut,
Their mead of praise from some may win ;
Our hero cannot do without
Peanuts and clams and terrapin ;
Away from home, his soul would lack
The cocktail and the canvasback.

WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR

Not his to walk the crowded Strand ;

’Mid busy London’s jar and hum.

On quiet Broadway he would stand,

Saying “ Americanus sum ! ”

His smile so tranquil, so seraphic,—

Small wonder that it stops the traffic !

Who would not be a man like he,

(This lapse of grammar pray forgive,)

So simply satisfied to be,

Contented with his lot to live,—

Whether or not it be, I wot,

A little lot,—or quite a lot ?

WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR

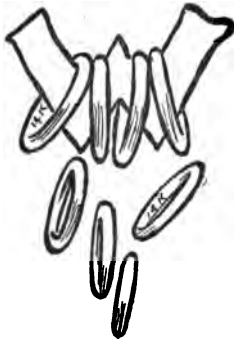
Content with any kind of fare,
With any tiny piece of earth,
So long as he can find it there
Within the land that gave him birth ;
Content with simple beans and pork,
If he may eat them in New York !

O persons who have made your pile,
And spend it far across the seas,
Like landlords of the Em'rald Isle,
Denounced notorious absentees,
I pray you imitate the Master,
And stay at home like Mr. Astor !

WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR

But if you go abroad at all,
And leave your fatherland behind you,
Without an effort to recall
The sentimental ties that bind you,
I should be grateful if you could
Contrive to stay away for good !

Henry VIII



WITH Stevenson we must
agree,
Who found the world so full
of things,
That all should be, or so
said he,
As happy as a host of Kings;
Yet few so fortunate as not
To envy Bluff King Henry's lot.



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HENRY VIII

A polished monarch, through and through,
Tho' somewhat lacking in religion,
Who joined a courtly manner to
The figure of a pouter pigeon;
And was, at time of feast or revel
A . . . well . . . a perfect little devil!

But tho' his vices, I'm afraid,
Are hard for modern minds to swallow,
Two lofty virtues he displayed,
Which we should do our best to follow:—
A passion for domestic life,
A cult for what is called The Wife.

HENRY VIII

He sought his spouses, North and South.

Six times (to make a misquotation)

He managed, at the Canon's mouth,

To win a bubble reputation;

And ev'ry time, from last to first,

His matrimonial bubble burst!

Six times, with wide, self-conscious smile

And well-blacked, button boots, he entered

The Abbey's bust-congested aisle,

With ev'ry eye upon him centred;

Six times he heard, and not alone,

The march of Mr. Mendelssohn.

HENRY VIII

Six sep'rate times (or three times twice),
In order to complete the marriage,
'Mid painful show'rs of boots and rice,
He sought the shelter of his carriage;
Six times the bride, beneath her veil,
Looked "beautiful, but somewhat pale."

Within the limits of one reign,
Six females of undaunted bearing,
Two Annes, three Kath'rines, and a Jane,
Enjoyed the privilege of sharing
A conjugal career so chequer'd
It almost constitutes a record!

HENRY VIII

Yet sometimes it occurs to me
That Henry missed his true vocation ;
A husband by profession he,
A widower by occupation ;
And, honestly, it seems a pity
He didn't live in Salt Lake City.


For there he could have put in force
His plural marriage views, unbaffled ;
Nor had recourse to dull divorce,
Nor sought the service of the scaffold ;
Nor looked for peace, nor found release,
In any partner's predecease.

HENRY VIII

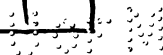
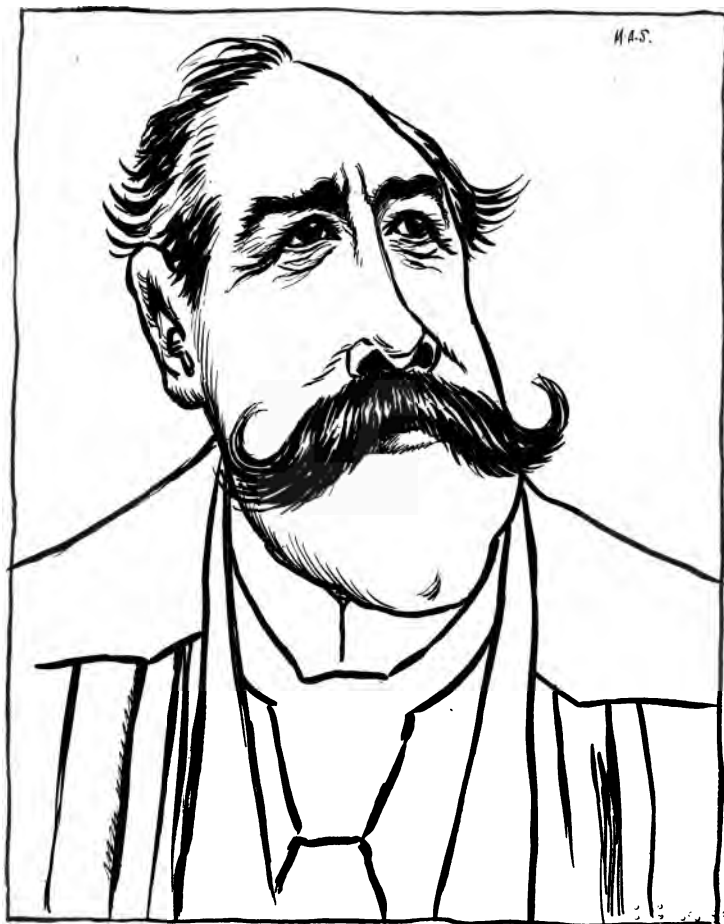
Had Henry been alive to-day,
He might have hired a timely motor,
And sent each wife in turn to stay
Within the confines of Dakota;
That State whose rigid marriage-law,
Is eulogised by Bernard Shaw.

But Henry's simple days are done,
And, in the present generation,
A wife is seldom woo'd and won
By prospects of decapitation.
For nowadays when Woman weds,
It is the *Men* who lose their heads!

Alton B. Parker

HOSE Roman Fathers, long ago,
Established a sublime tradi-
tion,

Who gave the Man Behind the Hoe
His proud proconsular position ;
When Cincinnatus left his hens,
And beat his ploughshares into pens.



470

ALTON B. PARKER

His modern prototype we see,
 Descended from some humble attic,
The Presidential nominee
 Of those whose views are Democratic ;
From Millionaire to Billiard Marker
They plumped their votes for Central Parker.

A member of the sterner sex,
 Possessing neither wealth nor beauty,
But gifted with a really ex—
 —Traordinary sense of Duty ;
In Honour's list I place him first,—
With Cæsar's Wife and Mr. Hearst.

ALTON B. PARKER

From childhood's day this son of toil,
 Since first he laid aside his rattle,
Was wont to cultivate the soil,
 Or milk his father's kindly cattle ;
To groom the pigs, drive crows away,
Or teach the bantams how to lay.

This sprightly lad, his parents' pet,
 With tastes essentially bucolic,
Eschewed the straightcut cigarette,
 And shunned refreshments alcoholic ;
His simple pleasure 'twas to plumb
The deep-laid joys of chewing gum.

ALTON B. PARKER

As local pedagogue he next
Attained to years of indiscretion,
To preach the Solomonian text
So popular with that profession,
Which honours whom (and what) it teaches
More in th' observance than the breeches.

The sprightly Parker soon one sees,
Head of a legal institution,
Enjoying huge retaining fees
As counsel for the prosecution.
(Advice to lawyers, *meum non est*,—
Get on, get honour, then get honest!)

ALTON B. PARKER

Behold him, then, like comet, shoot

Beyond the bounds of birth or station,
And gain, as jurist of repute,
A continental reputation.

(Don't mix him with that "Triple Star"
Which lights a more unworthy "bar.")

A proud position now is his,

A judge, arrayed in moral ermine,
As from the Bench he sentences

His fellow-man, and other vermin,
And does his duty to his neighbour,
By giving him six months' hard labour.

ALTON B. PARKER

On knotty questions of finance

He bears aloft the golden standard,
For he whose motto is "Advance!"

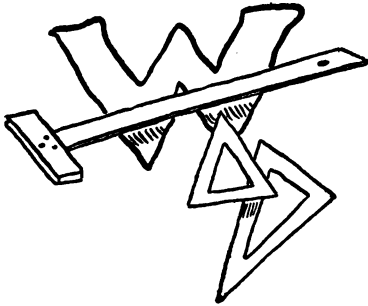
To baser coin has never pandered.
No eulogist of War is he,
"Retrenchment!" is his *dernier cri*.

But tho', to his convictions true,

With strength like concentrated Eno,
He did his very utmost to

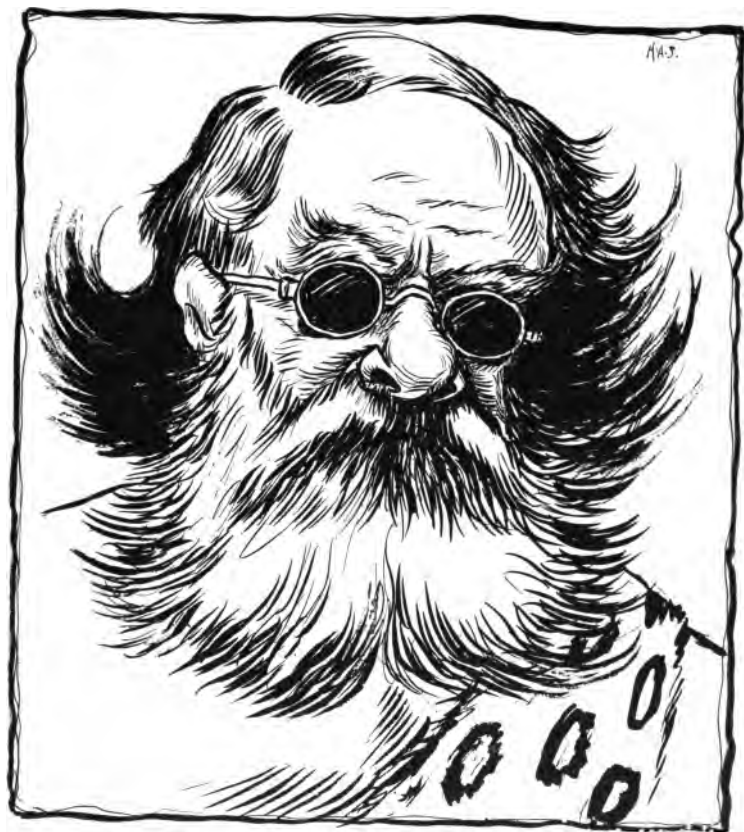
Emancipate the Filipino,
A fickle public chose Another,
Who called the Coloured Coon his Brother.

Euclid



HEN Egypt was a
first-class Pow'r—
When Ptolemy was
King, that is,
Whose benefices used
to show'r

On all the local charities,
And by his liberal subscriptions
Was always spoiling the Egyptians—



11

EUCLID

The Alexandrine School enjoyed
A proud and primary position
For training scholars not devoid
Of geometric erudition;
Where arithmetical fanatics
Could even *live* in (mathem)-attics.

The best informed Historians name
This Institution the possessor
Of one who occupied with fame
The post of principal Professor,
Who had a more expansive brain
Than any man—before Hall Caine.

EUCLID

No complex sums of huge amounts
Perplexed his algebraic knowledge ;
With ease he balanced the accounts
Of his (at times insolvent) College ;
He was, without the least romance,
A very Blondin of Finance.

In pencil, on his shirt-cuff, he,
Without a moment's hesitation,
Elucidated easily
The most elab'rate calculation
(His washing got, I needn't mention,
The local laundry's best attention).

EUCLID

Behind a manner mild as mouse,
Blue-spectacled and inoffensive,
He hid a judgment and a *nous*
As overwhelming as extensive,
And cloaked a soul immune from wrong
Beneath an ample ong-bong-pong.

To rows of conscientious youths,
Whom 'twas his duty to take care of,
He loved to prove the truth of truths
Which they already were aware of;
They learnt to look politely bored,
Where modern students would have snored.

EUCLID

To show that Two and Two make Four,
That All is greater than a Portion,
Requires no dialectic lore,
Nor any cerebral contortion ;
The public's faith in facts was steady,
Before the days of Mrs. Eddy.

But what was hard to overlook
(From which Society still suffers)
Was all the trouble Euclid took
To teach the game of Bridge to duffers.
Insisting, when he got a quorum,
On "*Pons*" (he called it) "*Asinorum*."

EUCLID

The guileless methods of his game
Provoked his partner's strongest strictures;
He hardly knew the cards by name,
But realised that some had pictures;
Exhausting ev'rybody's patience
By his perpetual revocations.

For weary hours, in deep concern,
O'er dummy's hand he loved to linger,
Denoting ev'ry card in turn,
With timid indecisive finger;
And stopped to say, at each delay,
"I really don't know *what* to play!"

EUCLID

He sought, at any cost, to win
His ev'ry suit in turn unguarding;
He trumped his partner's "best card in,"
His own egregiously discarding;
Remarking sadly, when in doubt,
"I quite forgot the King was out!"

Alert opponents always knew,
By what the look upon his face was,
When safety lay in leading through,
And where, of course, the fatal ace was;
Assuring the complete successes
Of bold but hazardous "finesses."

EUCLID

But nowadays we find no trace,
From distant Assouan to Cairo,
To mark the place where dwelt a race
Mistaught by so absurd a tyro;
And nothing but occult inscriptions
Recall the sports of past Egyptians.

Yes, "*autre temps*" and "*autre mœurs*,"
" *Où sont* indeed *les neiges d'antan* ?"
The modern native much prefers
Debauching in some *café chantant*,
Nor ever shows the least ambition
To solve a single Proposition.

EUCLID

O Euclid, luckiest of men!

You knew no English interloper;
For Allah's Garden was not then

The pleasure-ground of Alleh Sloper,
Nor (broth-like) had your country's looks
Been spoilt by an excess of "Cooks."

The Nile to your untutored ears

Discoursed in dull but tender tones;
Not yours the modern Dahabeahs,

Supplied with strident gramophones,
Imploring, in a loud refrain,
Bill Bailey to come home again.

EUCLID

Your cars, the older-fashioned sort,
And drawn, perhaps, by alligators,
Were not the modern Juggernaut-
Child-dog-and-space-obliterateors,
Those “stormy petrols” of the land
Which deal decease on either hand.

No European tourist wags
Defiled the desert’s dusky face
With orange peel and paper bags,
Those emblems of a cultured race;
Or cut the noble name of Jones,
On tombs which held a monarch’s bones.

EUCLID

O Euclid! Could you see to-day
The sunny clime you once frequented,
And note the way we moderns play
The game you thoughtfully invented,
The knowledge of your guilt would force yer
To feelings of internal nausea!

J. M. Barrie



HE briny tears unbidden start,
At mention of my hero's
name!

Was ever set so huge a heart

Within so small a frame?

So much of tenderness and grace

Confined in such a slender space?

J. M. BARRIE

(O tiniest of tiny men !

So wise, so whimsical, so witty !
Whose magic little fairy-pen
Is steeped in human pity ;
Whose humour plays so quaint a tune,
From Peter Pan to Pantaloon !)

So wide a sympathy has he,
Such kindliness without an end,
That children clamber on his knee,
And claim him as a friend ;
They somehow know he understands,
And doesn't mind their sticky hands.

A black and white caricature of a man, likely a political figure, with a large head, wide eyes, and a mustache. He is wearing a suit jacket, a white shirt, and a dark tie. The drawing is signed "MALCOLM STRAUSS." in the top right corner.

1950

J. M. BARRIE

And so they swarm about his neck,
With energy that nothing wearies,
Assured that he will never check
Their ceaseless flow of queries,
And grateful, with a warm affection,
For his avuncular protection.

And when his watch he opens wide,
Or beats them all at blowing bubbles,
They tell him how the dormouse died,
And all their tiny troubles;
And drag him, if he seems deprest,
To see the baby squirrel's nest.

J. M. BARRIE

For hidden treasure he can dig,
Pursue the Indians in the wood,
Feed the prolific guinea-pig
With inappropriate food ;
Do all the things that mattered so
In happy days of long ago.

All this he can achieve, and more !
For, 'neath the magic of his brain,
The young are younger than before,
The old grow young again,
To dream of Beauty and of Truth
For hearts that win eternal youth.

J. M. BARRIE

Fat apoplectic men I know,
 With well-developed Little Marys,
Look almost human when they show
 Their faith in Barrie's fairies ;
Their blank lethargic faces lighten
In admiration of his Crichton.

To lovers who, with fingers cold,
 Attempt to fan some dying ember,
He brings the happy days of old,
 And bids their hearts remember ;
Recalling in romantic fashion
The tenderness of earlier passion.

J. M. BARRIE

And modern matrons who can find
So little leisure for the Nurs'ry,
Whose interest in babykind
Is eminently curs'ry,
New views on Motherhood acquire
From Alice-sitting-by-the-Fire !

While men of every sort and kind,
At times of sunshine or of trouble,
In Sentimental Tommy find
Their own amazing double ;
To each in turn the mem'ry comes
Of some belov'd forgotten Thrums.

J. M. BARRIE

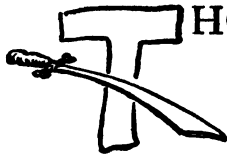
To Barrie's literary art

That strong poetic sense is clinging
Which hears, in ev'ry human heart,
A "late lark" faintly singing,
A bird that bears upon its wing
The promise of perpetual Spring.

Materialists may labour much

At problems for the modern stage;
His simpler methods reach and touch
The Young of ev'ry age;
And first and second childhood meet
On common ground at Barrie's feet!

Omar Khayyam



THOUGH many a great Philosopher
Has earned the Epicure's diploma,

Not one of them, as I aver,

So much deserved the prize as Omar ;
For he, without the least misgiving,
Combined High Thinking and High Living.



Mr. U

OMAR KHAYYAM

He lived in Persia, long ago,
 Upon a somewhat slender pittance;
And Persia is, as you may know,
 The home of Shahs and fussy kittens,
(A quite consistent *habitat*,
Since “Shah,” of course, is French for
 “cat.”)

He lived—as I was saying, when
 You interrupted, impolitely—
Not loosely, like his fellow-men,
 But, *vice versa*, rather tightly;
And drank his share, so runs the story,
And other people's, *con amore*.

OMAR KHAYYAM

A great Astronomer, no doubt,
He often found some Constellation
Which others could not see without
Profuse internal irrigation ;
And snakes he saw, and crimson mice,
Until his colleagues rang for ice.

Omar, who owned a length of throat
As dry as the proverbial “drummer,”
And quite believed that (let me quote)
“One swallow does not make a summer,”
Supplied a model to society
Of frank, persistent insobriety.

* * * *

OMAR KHAYYAM

Ah, fill the cup with nectar sweet,
Until, when indisposed for more,
Your puzzled, inadhesive feet
Elude the smooth revolving floor.
What matter doubts, despair or sorrow?
To-day is Yesterday To-morrow !

Oblivion in the bottle win,
Let finger-bowls with vodka foam,
And seek the Open Port within
Some dignified Inebriates' Home ;
Assuming there, with kingly air,
A crown of vine-leaves in your hair !

OMAR KHAYYAM

A book of verse (my own, for choice),
A slice of cake, some ice-cream soda,
A lady with a tuneful voice,
Beside me in some dim pagoda !
A cellar—if I had the key,—
Would be a Paradise to me !

In cosy seat, with lots to eat,
And bottles of Lafitte to fracture
(And, by-the-bye, the word La-feet
Recalls the mode of manufacture)—
I contemplate, at easy distance,
The troublous problems of existence.

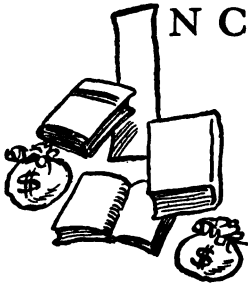
OMAR KHAYYAM

For even if it could be mine
 To change Creation's partial scheme,
To mould it to a fresh design,
 More nearly that of which I dream,
Most probably, my weak endeavour
Would make more mess of it than ever!

So let us stock our cellar shelves
 With balm to lubricate the throttle;
For "Heav'n helps those who help them-
 selves,"
So help yourself, and pass the bottle!

.
What! Would you quarrel with my moral?
(Waiter! Leshavanotherborrel!)

Andrew Carnegie



N Caledonia, stern and wild,

Whence scholars, states-

men, bards have sprung,

Where ev'ry little barefoot

child

Correctly lisps his mother-tongue,

And lingual solecisms betoken

That Scotch is drunk, as well as spoken,

ANDREW CARNEGIE

There dwells a man of iron nerve,
A millionaire without a peer,
Possessing that supreme reserve
Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere,
And marks him out to human ken
As one of Nature's noblemen.

Like other self-made persons, he
Is surely much to be excused,
Since they have had no choice, you see,
Of the material to be used ;
But when his noiseless fabric grew,
He builded better than he knew.

ANDREW CARNEGIE

A democrat, whose views are frank,
To him Success alone is vital ;
He deems the wealthy cabman's "rank"
As good as any other title ;
To him the post of postman betters
The trade of other Men of Letters.

The relative who seeks to wed
Some nice but indigent patrician,
He urges to select instead
A coachman of assured position,
Since safety-matches, you'll agree,
Strike only on the box, says he.

ANDREW CARNEGIE

At Skibo Castle, by the sea,
A splendid palace he has built,
Equipped with all the luxury
Of plush, of looking-glass, and gilt ;
A style which Ruskin much enjoyed,
And christened “ Early German Lloyd.”

With milking-stools and ribbon'd screens
The floor is covered, well I know ;
The walls are thick with tambourines,
Hand-painted many years ago ;
Ah, how much taste our forbears had !
And nearly all of it was bad.

ANDREW CARNEGIE

Each flow'r-embroidered boudoir suite,

Each "cosy corner" set apart,

Was modelled in the Regent Street

Emporium of suburban art.

"O Liberty!" (I quote with shame)

"The crimes committed in thy name!"

But tho' his mansion now contains

A swimming-bath, a barrel-organ,

Electric light, and even drains,

As good as those of Mr. Morgan,

There was a time when Andrew C.

Was not obsessed by l. s. d.

ANDREW CARNEGIE

Across the seas he made his pile,

In Pittsburg, where, I've understood,
You have to exercise some guile

To do the very slightest good ;
But he kept doing good by stealth,
And doubtless blushed to find it wealth.

And now his private hobby 'tis

To meet a starving people's need
By making gifts of libraries

To those who never learnt to read ;
Rich mental banquets he provides
For folks with famishing insides.

ANDREW CARNEGIE

In Education's hallowed name

He pours his opulent libations ;

His vast deserted Halls of Fame

Increase the gaiety of nations.

But still the slums are plague-infested,

The hospitals remain congested.

.

Carnegie, should your kindly eye

This foolish book of verses meet,


Please order an immense supply,

To make your libraries complete,

And register its author's name

Within your princely Halls of Fame !

King Cophetua



O sing of King Cophetua
I am indeed unwilling,
For none of his adventures are
Particularly thrilling ;
Nor, as I hardly need to mention,
Am I addicted to invention.

KING COPHETUA

The story of his roving eye,
You must already know it,
Since it has been narrated by
Lord Tennyson, the poet ;
I could a moving tale unfold,
But it has been so often told.

But since I wish my friends to see
My early education,
If Tennyson will pardon me
A somewhat free translation,
I'll try if something can't be sung
In someone else's mother-tongue.



0701

KING COPHETUA

“ Cophetua and the Beggar Maid ! ”

So runs the story's title
(An explanation, I'm afraid,
Is absolutely vital),
Express'd, as I need hardly mench :
In 4 a.m. (or early) French:—

*Les bras posés sur la poitrine
Lui fait l'apparence divine,—
Enfin elle a très bonne mine,—
Elle arrive, ne portant pas
De sabots, ni même de bas,
Pieds-nus, au roi Cophetua.*

KING COPHETUA

*Le roi lors, couronne sur tête,
Vêtu de ses robes de fête,
Va la rencontrer, et l'arrête.*

On dit, " Tiens, il y en a de quoi ! "
" Je ferais ça si c'était moi ! "
Il saits s'amuser donc, ce roi !

*Ainsi qu'la lune brille aux cieux,
Cette enfant luit de mieux en mieux,
Quand même ses habits soient vieux.*
*En voilà un qui loue ses yeux,
Un autre admire ses cheveux,
Et tout le monde est amoureux.*

KING COPHETUA

*Car on n'a jamais vu là-bas
Un charme tel que celui-là
Alors le bon Cophetua
Jure, "La pauvre mendiante,
Si séduisante, si charmante,
Sera ma femme,—ou bien ma tante!"*

Joseph F. Smith



HOUGH, to the ordinary mind,
The weight of marriage ties is
such
That many mere, male, mortals find
One wife enough,—if not too much;
I see no no reason to abuse
A person holding other views.



0700

JOSEPH F. SMITH

Though most of us, at any rate,
Have not acquired the plural habits,
Which we are apt to delegate
To Eastern potentates,—or rabbits;
We should regard with open mind
The more uxoriously inclined.

In Salt Lake City dwells a man
Who deems monogamy a myth;
(One of that too prolific clan
Which glories in the name of Smith);
A “Prophet, Seer, and Revelator,”
With the appearance of a waiter.

JOSEPH F. SMITH

This hoary patriarch contrives
To thrive in manner most bewild'rin',
With close on half a dozen wives,
And nearly half a hundred children;
And views with unaffrighted eyes
The burden of domestic ties.

To him all spouses seem the same—
Each one a model of the Graces;
He knows his children all by name,
But cannot recollect their faces;
A minor point, since, I suppose,
Each one has got its popper's nose!

JOSEPH F. SMITH

They are denied to me and you:

Such old-world luxuries as his,
When, after work, he hastens to
The bosoms of his families
(Each offspring joining with the others
In, “What is Home without five Mothers?”).

Such strange surroundings would retard

Most ordinary men’s digestions;
Five ladies all conversing hard,
And fifty children asking questions!
Besides (the tragic final straw),
Five se-pa-rate mammas-in-law!

JOSEPH F. SMITH

What difficulties there must be
To find a telescopic mansion;
For each successive family
The space sufficient for expansion.
("But that," said Kipling, in his glory—
"But that is quite another storey!")

The sailor who, from lack of thought,
Or else a too diffuse affection,
Has, for a wife in ev'ry port,
An unappeasing predilection,
Would designate as "simply great!"
The mode of life in Utah State.

JOSEPH F. SMITH

The gay Lothario, too, who makes
His mad but meaningless advances
To more than one fair maid, and takes
A large variety of chances,
Need have no fear, in such a place,
Of any breach-of-promise case.

With Mormons of the latter-day
I have no slightest cause for quarrel;
Nor do I doubt at all that they
Are quite exceptionally moral;
Their President has told us so,
And he, if anyone, should know.

JOSEPH F. SMITH

But tho' of folks in Utah State,

But 2 per cent lead plural lives,

Perhaps the other 98

Are just—their children and their wives!

O stern, ascetic congregation,

Resisting all—except temptation!

Well, I, for one, can see no harm,

Unless for trouble one were looking,

In having wives on either arm,

And one downstairs—to do the cooking.

A touching scene; with nought to dim it.

But fifty children!—That's the limit!

JOSEPH F. SMITH

Some middle course would I explore;
Incur a merely dual bond;
One wife, brunette, to scrub the floor,
And one for outdoor use, a blonde;
Thus happily could I exist,
A moral Mormonogamist!

Sherlock Holmes



THE French "filou" may raise his
"bock,"

The "Green-goods man" his
cocktail, when

He toast Gaboriau's Le Coq,

Or Pinkerton's discreet young men ;

But beer in British bumpers foams

Around the name of Sherlock Holmes !



TOP

Mr. You

SHERLOCK HOLMES

Come, boon companions, all of you
Who (woodcock-like) exist by suction,
Uplift your teeming tankards to
The great Professor of Deduction!
Who is he? You shall shortly see
If (Watson-like) you "follow me."

In London (on the left-hand side
As you go in), stands Baker Street,
Exhibited with proper pride
By all policemen on the beat,
As housing one whose predilection
Is private criminal detection.

SHERLOCK HOLMES

The malefactor's apt disguise

Presents to him an easy task;

His placid, penetrating eyes

Can pierce the most secretive mask;

And felons ask a deal too much

Who fancy to elude his clutch.

No slender or exiguous clew

Too paltry for his needs is found;

No knot too stubborn to undo,

No prey too swift to run to ground;

No road too difficult to travel,

No skein too tangled to unravel.

SHERLOCK HOLMES

For Holmes the ash of a cigar,
A gnat impinging on his eye,
Possess a meaning subtler far
Than humbler mortals can descry.
A primrose at the river's brim
No simple primrose is to him!

To Holmes a battered Brahma key,
Combined with blurred articulation,
Displays a man's capacity
For infinite ingurgitation;
Obliquity of moral vision
Betrays the civic politician.

SHERLOCK HOLMES

I had an uncle, who possessed
A marked resemblance to a bloater,
Whom Sherlock, by deduction, guessed
To be the victim of a motor;
Whereas, his wife (or so he swore)
Had merely shut him in the door!

My brother's nose, whose hectic hue
Recalled the sun-kissed autumn leaf,
Though friends attributed it to
Some secret or domestic grief,
Revealed to Holmes his deep potations,
And *not* the loss of loved relations!

SHERLOCK HOLMES

I had a poodle, short and fat,
Who proved a conjugal deceiver;
Her offspring were a Maltese Cat,
Two Dachshunds and a pink retriever!
Her husband was a pure-bred Skye;
And Sherlock Holmes alone knew why!

When after-dinner speakers rise,
To plunge in anecdotage deep,
At once will Sherlock recognise
Each welcome harbinger of sleep:
That voice which torpid guests entrances,
That immemorial voice of Chauncey's!

SHERLOCK HOLMES

Not his, suppose Hall Caine should walk
All unannounced into the room,
To say, like pressmen of New York,
“Er—Mr. Shakespeare, I presoom?”
By name “The Manxman” Holmes would
hail,
Observing that he *had no tale*.

In vain, amid the lonely state
Of Zion, dreariest of havens,
Does bashful Dowie emulate
The prophet who was fed by ravens;
To Holmes such affluence betrays
A prophet who is fed by *jays*!

.

SHERLOCK HOLMES

With Holmes there lived a foolish man,
To whom I briefly must allude,
Who gloried in possessing an
Abnormal mental hebetude;
One could describe the grossest *bétise*
To this (forgive the rhyme) Achates.

'Twas Doctor Watson, human mole,
Obtusely, painfully polite;
Who played the unambitious rôle
Of parasitic satellite;
Inevitably bound to bore us,
Like Aristophanes's Chorus.

.

SHERLOCK HOLMES

But London town is sad to-day,
And preternaturally solemn;
The fountains murmur "Let us spray"
To Nelson on his lonely column;
Big Ben is mute, her clapper crack'd is,
For Holmes has given up his practice.

No more in silence, as the snake,
Will he his sinuous path pursue,
Till, like the weasel (when awake),
Or deft, resilient kangaroo,
He leaps upon his quivering quarry,
Before there's time to say you're sorry.

SHERLOCK HOLMES

No more will criminals, at dawn,
 Effecting some burglarious entry,
(While Sherlock, on the garden lawn,
 Enacts the thankless rôle of sentry),
Discover, to their bitter cost,
That felons who are found—are lost!

No more on Holmes shall Watson base
 The Chronicles he proudly fabled;
The violin and morphia-case
 Are in the passage, packed and labelled;
And Holmes himself is at the door,
Departing—to return no more.

SHERLOCK HOLMES

He bids farewell to Baker Street,
 Though Watson clings about his knees;
He hastens to his country seat,
 To spend his dotage keeping bees;
And one of them, depend upon it,
Shall find a haven in his bonnet!

But though in grief our heads are bowed,
 And tears upon our cheeks are shining,
We recognise that ev'ry cloud
 Conceals somewhere a silver lining;
And hear with deep congratulation
Of Watson's timely termination.

Aftword

YE Critics, who with bilious eye
Peruse my incoherent medley,
Prepared to let your arrows fly,
With cruel aim and purpose
deadly,
Desist a moment, ere you spoil
The harvest of a twelvemonth's toil!

AFTWORD

Remember, should you scent afar
The crusted jokes of days gone by,
What conscious plagiarists we are :
Molière and Seymour Hicks and I,
For, as my bearded chestnuts prove,
Je prends mon bien où je le trouve!

My wealth of wit I never waste
On Chestertonian paradox;
My humour, in the best of taste,
Like Miss Corelli's, never shocks;
For sacred things my rev'rent awe
Resembles that of Bernard Shaw.

AFTWORD

Behold how tenderly I treat
Each victim of my pen and brain,
And should I tread upon his feet,
How lightly I leap off again;
Observe with what an airy grace
I fling my inkpot in his face!

And those who seek at Christmas time,
An inexpensive gift for Mother,
Will fine this foolish book of rhyme
As apposite as any other,
And suitable for presentation
To any poor or near relation.